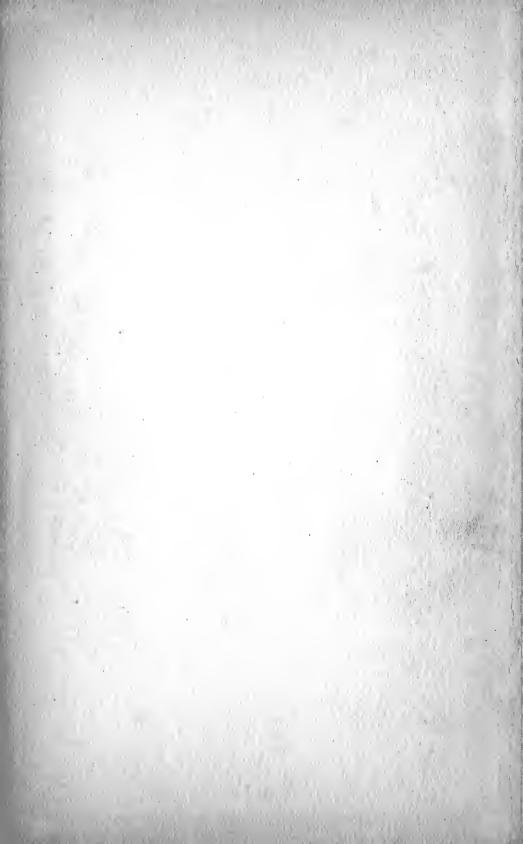
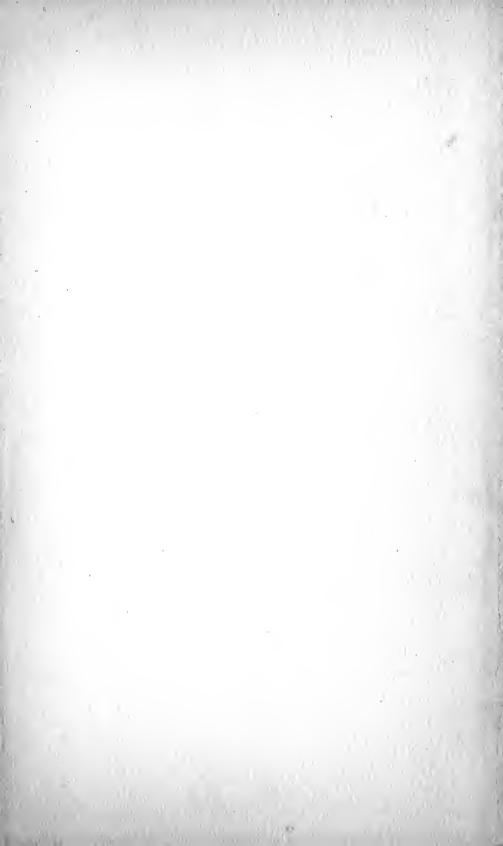
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Poems
by
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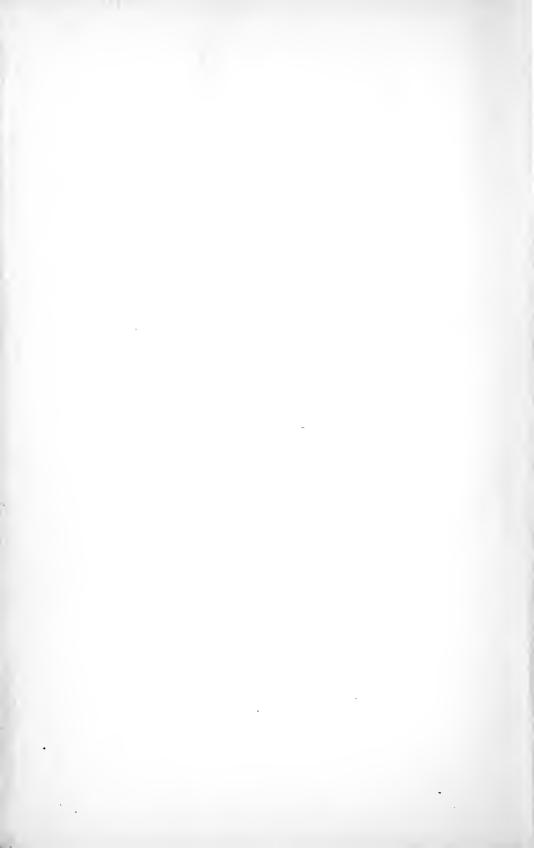
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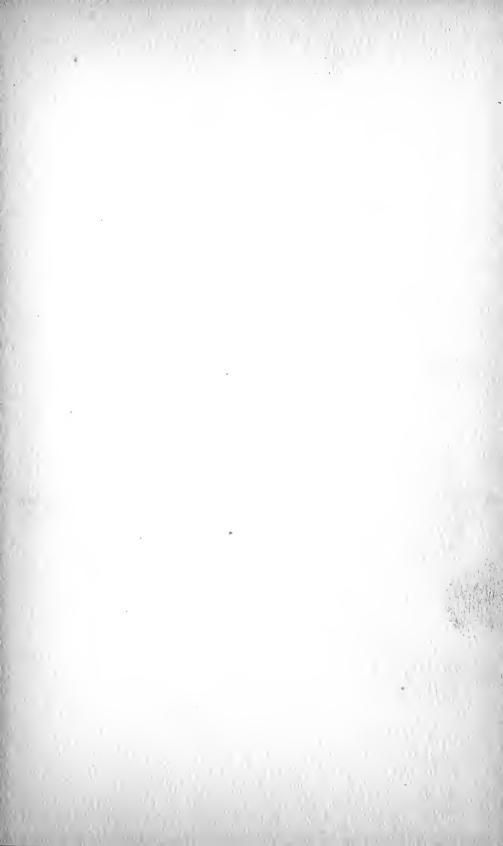
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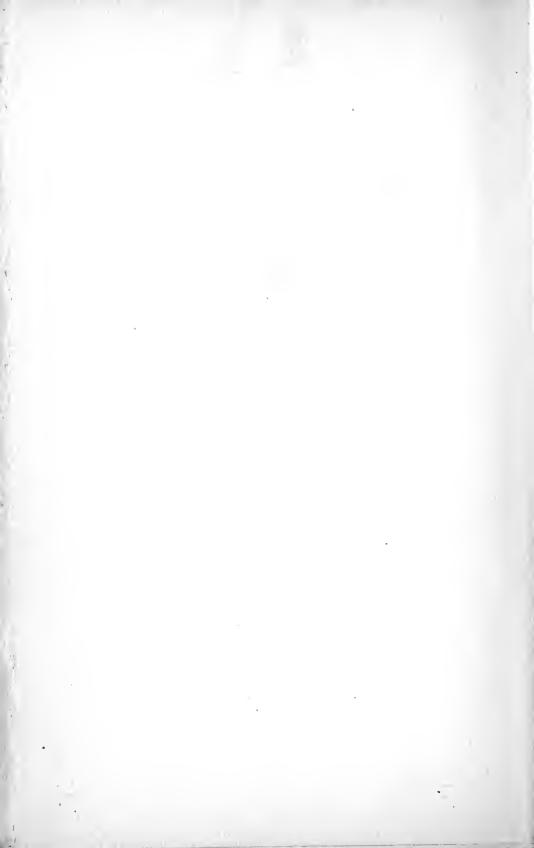












### Thoughtful Hours





# Thoughtful Hours\*\*\*

A Book of Poems

By S. M. HERRICK



"THE LITERARY SHOP"

1899

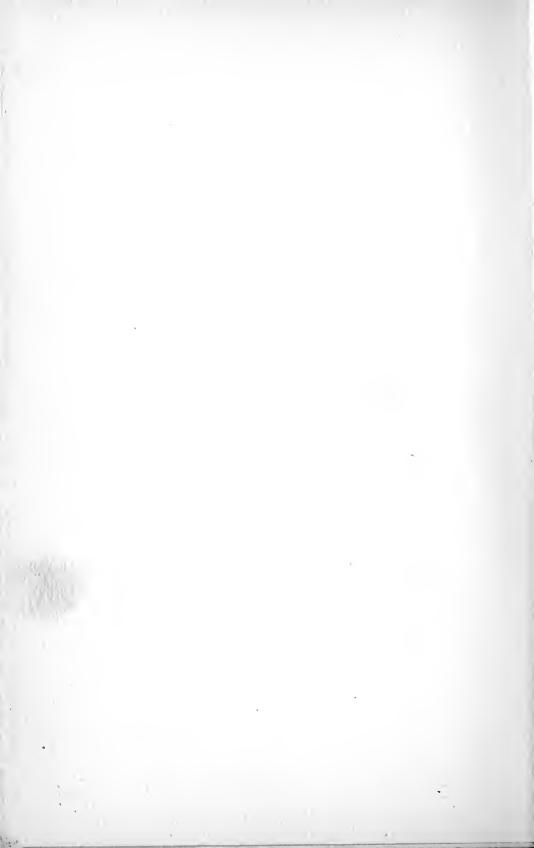


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MRS. D. A. MORRIS
BY HER FRIEND &
THE AUTHOR & &



#### **PREFACE**

"But men of long-enduring hopes,

And careless what this hour may bring,

Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to
sing.

An Artist, sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot, a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?"

-Tennyson

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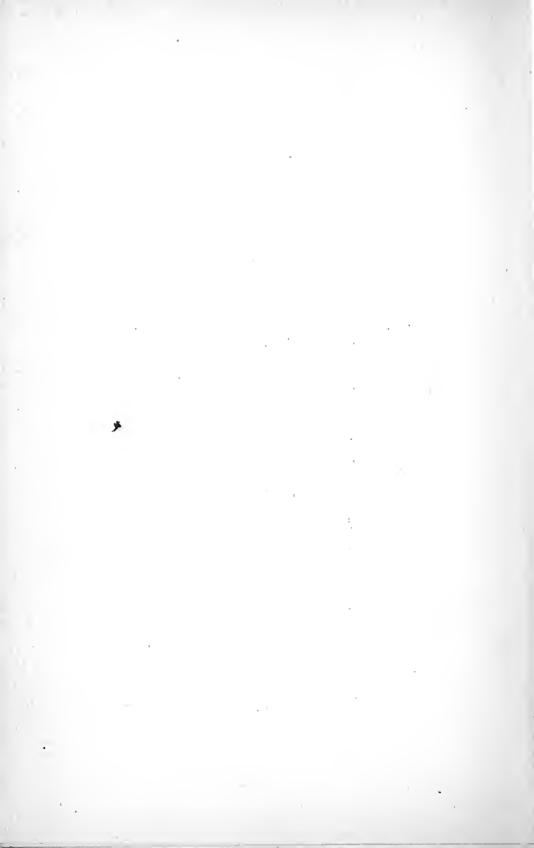
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#### THOUGHTFUL HOURS

- O LET me dream of time that has no strife,
- Of hours when thought sits pleasant on the brow;
- When through Eternity the suns, emitting life,
- Tell of the part we know as nothing now.
- Then let me sing of all that I can feel
- The universe vastly doth by night display;
- Of all that to the sight doth seem unreal:
- These are the hours to sing my heavenly lay—
- The thoughtful hours beneath the moon's soft beaming ray.

#### FRIENDSHIP

HONOR sincere, kindness, love,
Essential qualities from above,
Must be in a friend.

Learning profound, but culture more,
From out the feeling heart must pour
To be a friend.

Taste, beauty, wit, but sympathy real,
Humanity, justice, truth ideal,

#### AFFLICTION IS WISDOM

A FFLICTION is wisdom: the man who tramps for work

From morn till night, and looks at Fortune's windows,

Whose heart wells at each impatient shrug and nod

Of cool dismissal from her lavish door, Knows what no books can teach, no

learned art convey.

#### ADDRESSING THE DEITY

FATHER of Mercies, watch my restless soul,

Which far from thee doth often sadly rove;

Save me from social, selfish pangs which rend

The heart, and send it far from thee.

Show me thy throne of peace, of love, of happiness,

And shed, thou God of Universal Light,

Thy truth and gentleness on my wayward heart.

#### **CHARITY**

A ND is a man who spends his money free

A charitable man to thee?

Dost thou not have to labor to the bone His petty dollar to loan?

Call that charity in one who should free Give without recompense to thee;

Endow institutions, feed the helpless poor,

Live nobly, expect not fewer

Thanks than Nature gets for her rich
store.

O heartless man, give more!

#### A PRAYER

GREAT God of Mercy, soul's delight,

O hear my humble prayer:
Beam upon me thy powerful light,
For I am full of care.

My heart and head alternate rule
This trembling frame of mine;
The conflict seems so very cruel
Since I am wholly thine.

The days are long without the time
Measured by mortal hours;
I wait the sign, thou who art kind,
To call me to thy bower.

The dreams I 've fancied of thy bliss Reserved for purest souls, Has kept me hoping for Death's kiss To lay my body cold.

Resigned, however, to thy will,
I humbly bow my head;
Let wisdom give me all my fill,
Only by it I'm fed.

The blessing thou hast showered on me,

In giving me heart friends,

Such as long walked in step with
thee—

To heaven their soul tends.

Forgive, dear Father, I beseech,
My wayward, flighty thoughts;
They soar to thee, but rarely reach
The sphere where they are caught.

Command my life, thy service free;
Thou gav'st this mind its home:
Command it to be true to thee,
And never let it roam.

No temple like the purest heart Contains thy sacred name; No verse, unless of thee a part, Will bring the author fame.

Thou art the body of the globe,
As well the life it holds;
Thou swing'st with every planet
round,
Omnipresent, yet untold.

O, if thy care extends so far,
And comprehends the whole,
Dost thou upon me ever look,
And guide my burdened soul!

#### THE PICTURE

YOUR beauty runs to my finger's tip
And out upon my pen
I press the token to my lip,
Thou gavest me, again.

Thy perfect face, how can I tell
What only love can see!
The look is there I love so well,
'T is all I see of thee.

That look is beauty's lovely look,
So tender and so mild;
To me it is a favorite book,
In which there's nothing wild.

## ADDRESSING THE NIGHTINGALE

 $A^{\text{ND I am sad, sweet nightingale,}}$  as you,

- And I would gladly sing as sweet as you.
- A heavy gloom, like night, sits on my heart,
- Nor I know why; nor can I doubt but that
- My sympathetic soul imbibes from souls
- Something of their smart. Not I for Nature,

#### ADDRESSING THE NIGHTINGALE 21

- But Nature in me has made me light and sad
- Alternately. A plant that shrinks by touch;
- A bird whose happy wings her freedom gives;
- A sparkling brook that murmurs in flowery nook;
- A star afar is seen to dwell alone;
- A zephyr that floats between the forest trees
- Am I: companion of thy life, sweet bird;
- A philomel of running stream of song,
- That from your tender throat I silent learned
- That melody not found in busy throng.

#### A SHORT LOVE POEM

A ND I will tell you, as you wish me to,

A story sad of lovers' broken bliss.

It was a meeting you may guess—an accident.

After, he sought her, she thought a spirit worn

With weary troubles since a man become,

Searching for comfort as he ne'er had known.

When young and light, it seems, he, thoughtless, wed;

- And now two lovely children he has bred.
- But he has left them to the mother's care—
- A mother, but not a friend. For two long years
- He mourned his babies' voice, a distracted man.
- Thus they met, and by his sorrow his heart she read.
- Each, for merit displayed, grasped the hand
- In token of vow, and thus their friendship
- Grew, though it was ignorant love the while.
- Such love to her—unseeking, unselfish love—
- Could mean but eternal joy, or everlasting youth;
- A scented bower of fragrant heaven.

- From his warm fingers, as they flew o'er melting
- Keys, forth melodies rang; soft by the influence
- Of her gentle face into divine impromptus.
- And he could play and ne'er play again the same,
- So richly varied was his music; and as His moody soul poured forth its thought she loved him.
- And she some little poem wrote—or but
- A verse, a stanza, a song with fainter music.
- It was her nature thus to show her feeling.
- Ne'er did young hearts so happy blend; their love,

- Like loveliest May, was fair and blossoming too—
- And yet how sweetly sad their sudden parting!
- She never told her love, but well he knew.
- As when blush a rose a zephyr ardent dare,
- He kissed her his farewell—on earth adieu!
- Back to his heartless spouse she bade him go;
- She thought 't was better so. But O, let nature
- Shrink from looking into human woe!

#### TRIUMPHANT CUBA

UBA, the Island of the Sea, where nature

Grows luxuriantly, thy freedom given! Welcome thee our hand, which for thyself we

Now extend, trusting that the Heavenly Father bring

You blessing, such as he has shed on sweet

America. May from this noble war Thy great men spring, anxious for thy peace and

Happiness. Our sister land we hail!

- A glorious victory won o'er Spanish pride,
- Whose reign of oppression, long withstood by humble
- Souls, eager for sword to save thy humble poor.
- It was the hand of God, who for thee raised
- His scepter from on high and banished Spain
- To prayer. Hail, new-born Cuba! thou mayst be
- A nation fit to rank with all; for each In turn must have its face to sleep in history.

# SAINT CECILIA

DAUGHTER of Music, Saint Cecilia divine,
Immortal player of the High, I look
On thee. A wonderful, happy thing
That human likeness preserved can be
In painting rare and fair of master hand.
Dim, with inspiration flowing through
thy

Quivering nerves, thy eyes appear, calm,

Majestic, centered on the God they loved;

- While raised thy hand, as if it speaks on keys
- Which tremble ere they sound the Master's hymns;
- And in thy face a sunbeam breaks through clouds
- Of earth, and through the light sweet cherubs sing,
- Haloing thee with smiles and showering flowers.

# A HUMAN ROSE

A BABE, whose loveliness we watched from birth

To childhood's winning ways, and saw it grow

A mystery ne'er to be revealed. At first

The little eyes scarce put forth sight; then

Appeared those radiant orbs, gazing like one

With puzzled thought. My soul went out to it.

- And, though it came a stranger here, it knew
- Its home—the mother, dear. Then brighter grew
- The little mind; the head expanded; the body
- Forced itself into form of beautiful infant
- To the view, with foot as perfect as its tiny
- Hand, and cheek as plump as blushing rose
- And fair. What other flower with it compare?
- Now it just knows me when I come to play
- And touch its chin. Its grandmamma thinks
- She sees me mirrored there, in its dark and

- Glowing eyes. Such is love, that babes so fair
- Wear the image of purest soul; but not I
- Its resemblance share, though sweet Friendship
- Throws me there. Rather can I, in the happy thought,
- Find a reflection of her mind, and know
- That her soul, like silvery brook, wears modest
- A nobleness so rare, through it you may look.
- But the babes, the sweetest face, just as lovely
- As the rose, fragrant yet with scented heaven.

# AN ELEMENTAL WAR

 $R^{ ext{ESTLESS}}$  heaven is all at war tonight,

And man in terror lives, watching her black

Suspended clouds, fighting as they meet for victory.

Hark! her cannons' roar proclaims the battle's on,

And lightning terrifies the listening sense.

What difficulties has heaven with subdued man?

5

Is it to show an eager giant's power,

Tearing with his might the beauty seen
before?

And now the rain in drops falls large and strong

As cannon balls rapidly on the greedy Earth, absorbing all she can; this heavy weight

From Heaven's rich store for Nature's food

Pattering on the pavement near, a music brings.

Sweet to the quiet peaceful ear—a strain

A gracious blessing brings a loving tiding

Unto man that yet the Provider lives.

### SPECULATION

LIKE awful thought of poet, the world before

Him lays, shines the red star a ruby bright,

Other stars around forming a diamond setting.

Man how singular looked below! a speck 'Mid blazing sea of fire. One step, he passes

From the street below to regions dark, unknown

Behind this lovely scene of starry night.

What destiny has he, what has been reserved?

In all this vast creation better than
His reason to perceive its beauty here?
The thought o'erpowers me, to earth I look,

And as I look, down fall millions of miles.

## THE SOUL'S PRAYER

RAP me, dear Father, in thy mystic veil,

Let eternal melodies thrill my trembling nerves;

Let life's low cares ne'er disturb my peaceful dream

Of all that's lovely in the universe untold.

Spare me from those whose vacant minds ne'er rose

To dawn on you, who love and walk the path

6

I dare not roam; place me above the foaming

Crowd, in quiet altitude to think of thee.

Father, then let me strive my best to sing

By feeling harp the beauties I survey, Thy kingdom great is large enough for all.

O help me to thy throne, the Lord of all!

Many wretched hearts bow low to thee, In every clime, in every nook of earth; But few are they who wear thee in their hearts

From day to day, and feel thy holy calm.

## A TWILIGHT STROLL

WHEN thy sad heart, too sensi-

Who, not knowing his frail self, rebukes it

For its virtuous faults, wanders forth to get

A change of scene, and ease the sore which smarts

With constant pain, what foreign sights it sees!

The glaring street, so shocking with rich things,

- Rich to the vulgar, but vexatious to the wise.
- Soldiers parading on the pavement clean,
- Smiling the while with such an ignorant grin.
- Women in silks a shopping go, but more
- Their self-love to show. Men hurrying with speed
- Their business to tend—a most precious thing.
- But where's a heart looking to see the destiny of things?

# TO MRS. MORRIS

MOTHER to me, in spiritual realm,

Thou whom my heart has oft addressed

In soliloquy at the starlight time,

When heaven to me appeared so near,

And God's loved inspiration charmed my ear,—

Of thee they happy counsel ask,

As oft I've done. Woman of gentlest soul,

Tender, severe, and mild,

Heaven's blessings ever shower thy life

With peaceful friends, and may they love,

Exalt, and know thee strong; armed With the spirit of God, as I have done.

## THE POET

THOUGH many pleasant days his mind doth see,

Yet it as many stormy ones must feel.

A live nest of buzzing insects quarreling
Is that mind itself, pursuing, hunting
The mystic gold, bestowed alone by
Heaven.

Sometimes his willful mind with madness runs;

Again, 't is brighter than the midday sun.

- Through azure space unmeasured, it soars and falls,
- Leaving it a wreck of the distance flown,
- Though on wings of love hidden secrets found.

## SONNET-GENIUS

GENIUS, thou lamp of purest heavenly light,

- Thou burnst 'midst the foulest scenes of hell,
- And what thy dangers are thou well canst tell;
- Oft thy soul confused will take a foreign flight,
- Oft thy body, its sufferings destroy delight,
- Again, thy heart with hunger excessive fell,

- And drops thee in a desolate, unhappy dell,
- Adversity's self spreads round the deepest night.
- Then friends unkind disclose an untrue face,
- And labor for thy food brings burdened breast;
- Thy powers with other powers run rapid race,
- And little time hast thou for natural rest;
- Thy fortune lies in sowing with God's grace,
- And thou on earth art left an unhappy guest.

# APOSTROPHE TO ALICE AND PHŒBE CAREY

A LICE, thou much-loved poet of our dell,

And thou, Phœbe, sister by birth and love,

Did ye, when from us ye did cheerful go,

Leave on the hilltop your genius spirits so

There to rove, as angels to the inner sight,

Greeting the midnight student when pours his soul

- Into eternal thought, which happy dwelt in you.
- Thought which God gives and raises to his throne,
- Hearts pure and free, spiritual—such as ye.

#### MORN

T IS Morn who brings the blush to my sad cheek,

'T is Morn who sends me out with grateful smile;

'T is she, fair mistress of the ardent sun,

Who in my sparkling, dazzled eyes doth dwell,

And pours her loving freshness on my heart,

'T is she, in rosy dress, inspires my song.

7

- Hail, modest morn, the glory of kind Heaven,
- Thou his pride, thou noblest touch 'mid his creation,
- To Night no coloring like to you He gave;
- The flowers' sweet face ne'er winning ope for him,
- And happy sun, in splendor dressed, does not
- In beauty, health, outshine the dreary moon.

#### NIGHT

1 IS Night who on my forehead heavy sits

With wisdom as I gaze upon his sights;

The region of the sky, its blooming stars,

Its sad and melancholy moon, who sways

Him listless as her dark and yielding slave,

Yet radiates his thoughtful, sober face.

Below the blazing cities with delight

Look and admire this busy scene
above;

Admire the amour of the playful stars, And watch the constellation families, And all the innocent light of heaven Watch, rarely love, what infinite hearts approve.

## A PLEA

LISTEN to the lowing calves, as in a car

They ride through busy streets to ignorant death.

Perhaps they know their companions' cruel fate

And sad, look puzzled, sudden parted now

From grassy knoll and vernal shallow pool.

O spare them, glutton man, thy food enough

8

The fertile earth abundant yields for thee;

Why take a life, however humble be, And deprive it of the heavenly sun and air?

Spare them for what thou, thyself, lovest to share.

#### RETIREMENT

- WHO would the pleasures of the heart forbear,
- Or music that the eternal soul doth yield;
- Contemplation's scene, with heaven dropped below
- In some loved, rustic, shadowy, thoughtful dell,
- With brooklet flowing at thy quiet feet,
- While Rovers and Maybells on the flowery lawn,

- Play tricks with Nature, innocent with glee.
- Or rest the eye upon the charms of day,
- Or troubled, starry ocean, seen at night.
- O who, these mirthless delights e'er willing knew,
- Regret the stormy scenes of fevered life,
- Or folly's seizing, selfish, fearing joys, Which please but those whose empty minds ride high?

### **CUPID**

CUPID has me now I know,
He has shot me with his bow;
Now no longer doth my soul
Roam in Nature uncontrolled.
By his fetters I am bound,
Fetters pleasant wound around
By Love's threads so fine yet strong,
I can hardly raise a song.

# LOVE'S SPRING SONG

O WHY has Nature from me kept my mate?

If he doth live, why have I met him not?

The soul repines her dainty choice to make,

Now spring is here, and favored birds do wed.

The flowers bloom fairer for those hearts which glow;

The voice of God in every sound is heard;

- The trees tower higher, warm with flowing sap;
- The birds sing sweeter; innocent zephyrs laugh;
- Cupid looks out and hears the twilight song,—
- O why from me Love's pleasures kept so long?

# ON BYRON'S POEM, "TO WOMAN"

BYRON, we know that we are frail,
Why tell us this in pretty tale;
No frailer though are we than thou,
Men with hearts which glow for an
hour,

Glow if we so negative be

That thou in affirmative mayst see.

If thou canst enjoy the charms we throw,

Thou think'st not of the love bestowed. Indeed, I scarce know man's strongest mood,

To yield to woman his heart or soul.

### A WISH

WELL would I love to live in bower

With some kind spirit, glorious hour,
When all to us the world is lost,
And heaven descends to live with us.
From one the other would imbibe
What she may need and he not hide
From her the same, and O the bliss
Such friendship rarely doth exist.
Two powers with light shed from on high

Could rouse the world to weep or fly; But not for me a mind so rare; Alone I live, alone despair.

## **FASHION**

THOU art in fashion, 't is the same As being one among the lame, Who walk with crutches, or by sight, And see not farther of beauty's light Not more than several blocks ahead. Such persons think not—feel, are led, Only by passion are they fed.

# TO MAUDE: ON HER PICTURE

SWEET, amiable, and kind, but vain art thou;

This likeness shows thy character—thy soul.

Thou lovest richest dress, not modest gown,

I'm sorry, Maude, thou art too good for this;

Vanity unbecoming is in thee.

Schoolgirls should leave it when they leave their books;

## 64 TO MAUDE: ON HER PICTURE

- And too, I see, complacent self-love smiles
- That plays winning on thy dimpled cheek.
- More proud thou art than the known author is
- Who has for many years held thee as dear
- As any one, and yet thou never knewest—
- Your portrait lies with many more of mine.
- But I would like a fairer one of thee, Where innate virtue will illumine thy

brow.

## TO H.—SONNET

THY figure dressed in reason, statue stood;

Thy face wore calmness as a virgin's veil,

And yet thou, seraph, never hast bewailed,

And all that passed that ere thou understood.

Thy eyes so fair with inspiration could See all, and O how delicately frail

Thy beauty is, thy eyes when in a gale

9

Shine as no jewel shines, they were as food

To hungry souls, when heaven was dark to sight,

And Nature from fancy's eye hidden lay,

No spiritual illuming soul-felt light

To make them happy in their little day.

But body love prevents this reason's flight,

And keeps the eagle soul in moulded clay.

## VIRTUE

VIRTUE, a maid of sober eye,
Like autumn leaves that fall to
die;

Sweet as the rose when in its bloom,
And the bee steals the soul's perfume;
Pure as a brook in shady nook,
The veil of love has graceful took.
Dressed in Melancholy's favorite gown,
Worn by angels, whose spirit around
Guides, unforeseen, Innocence when
found.

And soft whispers to Purity alone
Before the enemy will have flown.
Nun of the world, unsheltered, unknown,

In thine heart only, thou art a recluse.

## ON MY FRIENDS

WEEP my unworthiness I feel
Loved by friends who see nobleness appear

In every thought which illumines their brow,

And smiles on me, making me happy now,

While sincerity, with suffering grace So perfect, free, shines in their face.

Sweet Influence, ever shed thy dew, Wholesome and godly of these few, Upon my feeble heart, there let it rest, As I would lie upon stronger breast. My soul, thankful, can not express, How much I feel myself blessed.

O let my God new friends oft choose, My judgment wavering doth refuse; But leave it for thyself, dear Lord, My vision apt to err. A cord Unites my soul to thee, thou Fount Supply me with each Virtue's want.

10

## FAME—SONNET

FAME, a feather that doth blow from place to place,

And lights on few, blown by the wind as fickle

As the wind which the ambitious bard doth tickle.

With vanity he rides in air; he runs a race

With minds of every caliber; pleasing face

Of Fortune smiling with smiles which wrinkle

- His genius, a shining star alone should twinkle
- And number him as one, the immortal race.
- Thus he who's popular, loved, and courted,
- His verse as dust—it can not live—returns,
- For is not such a greedy heart distorted?
- A god he'd be, yet oft the early worm Of earthly mold with spirits oft rewarded
- Creeps o'er the soil, and eats but genius' germ.

# TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG MAN

A SMILE thou gavest, but not to me;

I can not say deserve I thee, Such treasure as a smile to me To spend so carelessly.

Smiles on thy face, like sun to earth, Can melt the hardest heart, if worth May touch the fickleness of mirth To win her graciously. Rosy thy cheek as fair as worn,
Beautiful, yet thy eye forlorn
With early sorrow, careless worn
To hide it thoughtfully.

And on thy brow cool reason sits, And thou art thankful for thy wit, And doth all favors soon requite To feel as honorably.

Thy brow, thy cheek, thy face, thy smile,—
Such nobleness can ne'er beguile,
Though thou may'st forget the while

To look as generously.

### TIME

- TIME, thou angel-footed, unseen, mighty thief,
- Thou art sublime, thou representative of Him;
- Eternity's broad flowing, navigable stream,
- Thou fleetest ere our eyes to slumber go,
- For night is sleepy death when thou dost pass
- Unnoticed and unheard. Messenger of Heaven,
- Opportunity bring to every low oppressed
- And wretched heart, they profit for moments misspent
- They ne'er can recall, howe'er the bosom weep.

## A FALSE FRIEND

TAKE it from mine eyes, dear Father,

Let his beauty plead no further;

Once I should have loved to see

The picture now I long for thee

To cast from out my sight.

He was unkind, no reason mine,
I thought that he who long was thine
Could never, never be unkind,
But constant friends are hard to find
To follow in thy light.

I could not rest myself content

If I my love had never lent

To warm the care of Patience's heart,

When she so thoughtful acts her part,

To sorrow in the right.

Regrets there are which never fade,

For Memory from her thought ne'er
laid

Away these flowers with thorny stem
Which prick us in the gem,
To pluck we would delight.

Friends all will be when Heaven's with me,

For under foliage of shady tree,
Which spreads its branches far and
wide,

They love to dwell, but ever hide When summer takes her flight. Though beauty plead, if once untrue,
My thoughts of him are very few;
Fair eyes and thoughtful brow conceal
Not always virtue though seems real,
But dark as starless night.

Friends should be few as golden books,
And from a favored few I took
But one nobly to represent my soul,
And he faithless represents the whole:
O cast him from my sight!

## ON FRIENDSHIP

I T is enough, if friendship we would gain,

To quiet nobly wait, and still remain Firm, constant, loyal,—a proof we are sincere,—

Instead of eagerness, with constant fear

Of non-acceptance. Mutual our hearts should feel,

For love is not a phantom—it is real.

## A HYMN

WRITE, read, mourn, and silent pray,

This the routine of a thoughtful day;
Thy spirit clothed in mortal clay,
Thy heavenly pilgrimage do not delay.
Thy shadow walks the world about,
And the enemy of God doth rout;
Happy in doing all grace allow,
Glorified in sorrow, reverent bow.

# ON AN OAK PLANTED FOR ME AT MY HOME—1899

GROW, slender tree, make shade for me
When I to home return;
Make foliage fair, and let me see
A bud without a worm.

Now spring is here, and you are young, Scarce ten feet from the ground; Shoot out thy sprays before I come To view the scene around. You promise well, as I am told By him who placed you there; Your little leaves will soon unfold, And spread so very fair.

Dear plant, for dear you are to me, Shoot quickly now to heaven; For by thy side I shall be free The depth of nature fathom.

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## CINCINNATI

SPRING and fall are swallowed up
By muddy winter's horrid slush,
And summer's blazing cloudless sky.
Then 't is the time the birds do fly
For seashore's frolic, foolish scene,
Or spend the summer driving team
At Saratoga—a giddy, fashionable drive.
Others at a mountain inn derive
More pleasure, and more comfort, too,
To mingle quietly with a few;
But many, like myself retired,
Could not from here to move be hired.

# AWAY, YE YOUTHFUL FRIENDS

RIENDS of my former hapless days,

The time I spent with ye now fades;

Away, away, ye foolish ones!

From ye, from pleasures am I won.

Nothing but recollections sad

Ye bring when I am cheerful, glad,

Or happy in my element.

No reproof, howe'er, have I meant

By writing this, for it is known

The choice I 've made now for my own

Is God.

## A REGRET

O WHAT a happy eve 't was mine to feel

But once, and only once, with an ideal More brilliant mind than I had ever met!

'T is mine the sorrow and mine the regret

That friendship's willing love not ready found

In this kind breast. Only in history are renown

Friendship of noble cast, of noble mind,

As mirrors to each other do refine

Themselves and the susceptible world

as well;

But who, though able to divine, could tell

What may have come had confidence here been felt,

With knowledge and wisdom they had dealt.

Τ2

## **POETRY**

POETRY, thou mistress of my lonely heart,

Thou givest me cares, and thou givest me light;

From fountain of ecstasy thou springest as shower,

And sprinklest the earth with love from thy bower;

From friends thou hast torn me, To God thou hast borne me, From home thou dost take me, Thy word is my law. Sweet are the meadows when thou breathest thy soul;

Soft is the brook when it moves by thy strain;

Melodious the birds when thou givest them song;

Pure, noble, fair, is the soul-beaming eye;

Sweeter the fragrant earth, More glorified the world, More beautiful the heavens, But loveliest art thou of all.

## LOVE

WHO has not loved, can he recall an hour

Spent with love in a celestial bower,

But what has often sorrowed, and wore the pain,

If more the joy, and O what is the gain?

Possession chills the glow we now enjoy,

And often does in domestic relations cloy.

But wedded love, though tame, is kinder far;

Its settled joys may tune the poet's lyre To loftier song, more heavenly strain, And all forget his youthful flames, he

gains

By this a blazing hearth and children dear;

He has his love without the lover's fear.

But sweet the hours the single hearts enjoy

When in quest it goes for love to buoy It up above the tide of troubled sea; When all in dark and drear without

the glee

Young hearts should feel; for short is merry spring,

When everything in nature seems to cling.

Love is a vain but pleasant good we hold,

And what of it now feels the aged cold; Discretion yet is to be found with love, It is not the way the fervent soul doth rove;

Who has not tasted of her violent sweets Has never loved, nor sipped that love in Keats.

The stolen looks which satisfy the sight;

The weary hours when of that sight denied;

The laughing tears at lover's charmed delight;

The heart-breaking thoughts which on the wind doth ride,

Are only few of tortures lovers feel,
And mar the bliss, imagined, nothing
real.

## **MENACES**

HEN instruments of torture doth arise,
Its influence, like day, at evening dies;
The freedom of the mind disdains
These petty trifles, reason's reign
Rejects, or passes by as calm
As doth the sun the tempest profound.

# THE EVENING STAR: HESPERUS

O LOVELY star, thy beams afar
Tell of the ocean filled with
stars,

In which thou movest as moves my soul

Now gazing at Eternity's vast whole. O Night, how beautiful is thy light,

How wondrous fair, and what a delight

Thou art to a million penetrating eyes
Seen in this star before it dies,
Or drops far back, away from sight!
Good-night, bright star; again goodnight!

## THE STORM

UPON my couch at night I lay,
With heaven all at war;
In terror there I heard the fray,
And wished it were afar.

At once my mind grew wild with thought,

And fears of lightning threw

Me into awe; my heart thus wrought,

The lightning I felt drew.

So bright it shone, so spiritually wild,
With thunder's loud reports;
It fell upon my face, then died,
My thought, the lightning courts.

To God I prayed, deliver me
From frenzy such as this;
Show me thy love once more to see,
While rain the earth doth lash!

My prayer was heard, the morn brought light

Which illumed my frighted brow; But ne'er shall I forget that night When heaven at me did scowl.

## SELF-INTEREST

SELF-INTEREST will, thy heart
as sure
Distort, turn upside down;
If thou dost buy a toy, endure
This torment, do not frown.

That train of thought will sweep away,
And new one take its place;
Thus knowledge in her way displays
For art to illume her face.

Whether a book thou willing publish, Or purchase a pair of shoes; Thy work to you seems merely rubbish, And is this virtue's dues?

# ON GREATNESS

GREATNESS is doing what is just,
Not in wearing the conqueror's
crown;

In living nobly, with few to trust,

For confidence is wisdom profound.

The great man will not feign to show

His spirit to the public mind

Until he feels it's old enough to crow,

And both his verse and himself refined.

Only the spiritual deserves this term,

Those who like a monument stand,

Are erect in God, and are as firm

As iron bands, because they can

With knowledge sure, and wisdom divine,

Claim without honor this due place, And show their strength in living rhyme,

And die, members of the immortal race.

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### REPOSE IN SORROW

I F thou art sad, denied, bereft,
Of every favorite look,
Thy troubles then are found and left
Within a much-loved book.

We should our sorrows never tell; Who has much sorrow shared, Prefers to hide, and often dwell With those who thus have fared.

No sweeter pleasure can be known, We're happiest when we're sad; Fortune wells tenderly when down, Then cares not to be glad. The miserable are Heaven's guests, Who dine at angels' board; With them to live is my request, Their food earth can't afford.

The soul afflicted pants for home,
And looks for it above,
In heaven's bowers show longs to
roam,
And feel but power of love.

'T is proof enough the soul must rest, From cares her peace harass; Its haven is the heavenly breast, There love God does not class.

# PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

PHILOSOPHY, Religion—in nature one,—
But there is a distinction:

He who loves philosophy has some, But not enough religion.

Philosophy walks without a crutch,
'T is well as long as strong;
But let adversity quickly touch,
It can not walk so, long.

### INTRODUCING A BOOK

A BOOK when into the world is sent

Is Nature's flower, there it unfolds; It is a gift the author presents, And with it, his soul.

But if that soul in heaven doth dwell,
Disdains to fall to earth;
His book will close, its petals shall
Only in heaven have birth.

## TO METAPHYSICIANS

Doubt, matter if you wish to

Doubt when you speculate bold;
But mind you can not possibly doubt,
You thus its power unfold.

#### WISDOM

IF vessel full with knowledge falls
Upon the worldling's floor;
It is a waste one ne'er recalls,
Such mind will call for more.

The mind more thought will never hold

Than is enough for one;

Wisdom more precious than knowledge cold,

Because not overdone.

O maid of years and thought and love,
None fairer to the mind;
Thou art an angel from above,
And to the soul art kind.

### TO Y\_\_\_\_

O YOUTH, simplicity divine
Doth grace thy thoughtful brow;
Perfection will be thine in time,
Thy mind He will endow.

Thou docile nature, rise to heaven, Let arrogance see thy soul; Folly no longer claims thy heart, Apart thou art a whole.

A generous nature, ever kind,
Thy mien is worthy praise;
Thy manner is the most refined,
It speaks thee prosperous days.

## THE WISH

(THE AIR CAUGHT FROM A HAND-ORGAN)

MORNING fair,
Morning fair,
Listen to my lay;
Bring me love, bring me love,
To cheer me my day.
Morning bright,
Morning bright,
Send me from above
Blessing that with me will stay,
Something more than clay.

Evening dew,
Evening dew,
Let thy zephyr blow;
Shed upon my brow thy tears,
Let them silent flow.
Evening dew,
Evening dew,
I have many fears,
The morn with love forgot to give
The token to live.

# ADDRESS TO MY OWN PERSONALITY

FAREWELL to the mortal, farewell to myself;

I'm something of one, I'm something of all:

From the flower I imbibe its purity rare,

From the bird its music, and from man His life as I find it; gowned in joy, Misery, or strife, it is at the time, my life.

# THERE IS NO MARRYING IN HEAVEN

Possession is sweet to those loving sight,

It is the chief motive to wed;

But he who loves best, having God's light,—

A lover may be of the dead.

Those marriages made by the sly, wooing heart

Have been said to live long and be true;

But they are not noble who take such a part,

And the soul should not when they do.

# SORROW: FOOD FOR GENIUS

IS sorrow lights the genius part,
And sets it in a flame;
Tis pang or torture rends the heart,
Which gives to it the name.

'T is only when the rose is crushed,
The fragrance does not die;
'T is laid away in jar as dust,
Not there its perfume lies.

The soul with anguish, mortal born, Speeds quickly to its grave; It breathes divine when it's forlorn, And is not mortals' slave.

### VIEWING A PARADE

ONE in spirit, one in thought,
Our souls looked out together;
The mob enjoyed what we thought
naught,

We sailed above like feather.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL

O IMMORTAL tune that stirs my soul,

Like earthquake shakes the earth; How many a thought within doth roll, Unfettered and sans birth!

How oft when I'm severely pushed
By trial too hard to bear,
Thou tripped along and bore the crown
To deck my patience fair!

#### **ETERNITY**

THROUGH the dark space, Eternity's realm,
The soul must travel alone;
O'er the ocean, with God at the helm,
The spirit rides the foam.

This prospect vast, it thrills my heart
With fear it can't control;
Of it I know I am a part,
Only a speck, my soul.

This consciousness alone will live,
How, when, or where unknown;
'T is vain to wonder when God tells
The secret of death's groan.

Go—show the learned 't is folly, then, To try to fathom death;

Through boundless space the spirit's ken

Is but suspended breath.

No mortal eye hath seen the light
That in the bosom lay
Of those whose souls had taken flight,
And told us not the way.

And what they've told the soul proclaimed,
Freed from its earthly mold;
'T is little, but no one is blamed,
For all they saw they told.

A love that doth not warm
thy breast?

None but thy affinity to sue
Will build for thee the heavenly nest.

Why sympathy to her give
If perfect love doth not respond?
Without her you can live;
You are of her, perhaps, too fond.

Dost thou not know that love
Alternate given is unblessed?
Two hearts at once, above,
Must feel that love which is our
rest.

## **MELANCHOLY**

M ELANCHOLY, thou bury'st me in a grave so deep,

That I, a prey to every reptile, weep; The sight of heaven, to me so dear, denied,

And every face I love now seems unkind.

Despair sits heavy on my stony heart;

My tears may soften if some other

heart

Grieves and sorrows for an untrue friend,

But not for me this lonely heart mus rend.

Thou art the cause of many evil acts; Poor wretch, when tried by fate and wisdom, lacks,

Puts the weapon to his fevered brow, which snaps,

And what is left the sod forever wraps.

Thou makest many a cushioned home so drear

That inmates long have ceased to joy or fear;

Their heavy hearts have learned to bear thee well,

Which wrinkled brow and saddening brow oft tell.

But thou art saddest when to youth thou comest,

These tender hearts so soon to grieve thou lovest;

- The lesson of life early to them to teach,
- And thus by care their hapless soulsto reach.
- 'T is well, for we who are by sorrow taught
- The loss of self, with love of God are fraught;
- And to His service early bend our wills,
- And with His Spirit He us freely fills.

#### TO \_\_\_\_

- I HAD not thought to meet you in a cheerful mood;
  - Thou seemst to me to be of thought a wall
- Through which my spirit searching thine for food
  - Could penetrate not. How oft to God I call
- In friendship's name a congenial soul to feel;
- And have I found one? Must I sacrifice the ideal
- To make the friendship seem to us more real?
- Beautiful mind thou hast, superior!

  I seal
- My broadest love—the spiritual—thine I hope to feel.

# WRITTEN AFTER A WALK IN SPRING GROVE

SLOW, slow, slow moves the funeral to the grave,

Where now will sleep some soul. It is a cave

Where worms devour, yea, feast on man so strong.

Is it to humiliate him that he not wrong

These creatures like himself when reason gone?

#### 120 A WALK IN SPRING GROVE

O here will lie a breathless person long Beneath the sod, when midnight shadows stir

(If stir they do) alone to be; so weird A thought crept o'er me as I viewed the scene

Of loved ones laden with tokens. So keen

Their sufferings were when deep was laid his all,

A husband of his wife bereft! To fall Before them into the fated grave, yet blessed

I wished myself, save this form, and give mine rest.

#### **DREAMS**

PREAMS clothe the mind in Fancy's gown,
The color varies with the mood;
Merry or sad, the cause the same!
To dreams we do not give a name.
One may, he thinks, a mountain raise,
Or sleep with worms for many days.
Wed and be happy for an hour
In some unknown airy bower;
Ride the pale moon and view the space
Through which the stars forever race.
E'en murder the purest soul will clinch,
And bring it before a supreme bench;
No crime, no pleasure, no ill or weal,
But what the soul in dream will feel.

#### TO H----

I LOVE your gentle spirit, and I taste your soul,

O shed on me thy radiant self!

The story of my love lies in thy book untold,

O search, my friend, this written leaf.

O never, never can my heart from thee sever,

Unless they are broken in two;

From the world I would flee, but from thee I never

Would leave what I most love to sue.

## IN LIFE—ADIEU

ONCE more they met, at evening tide,

And listened to each other's heart; In one the other did confide, For now they will forever part.

Once more he played the inspiring strain

She loved; he never will again; From desert world at first he came, 'T was happiness, but all in vain. It will be place which parts them now,

O when loved hearts roam far apart

How soon the thread which binds by

sight

Breaks and winds around another heart.

Once more she sighed, and well she might;

'T is seldom that the heart is wrung By deathly farewell. In this plight How oft the soul has passionate clung.

# NO YEARS IN TRUTH

THERE is no age in Wisdom's ways,
View Pope at twenty-one;
Joy, sorrow, fear, and love are days
Unlike the seasons run.

A man is old if he has truth,
And progress may be slow;
A man at eighty is uncouth
If he has known no foe.

#### MAN

How great, how glorious is the might of man!

His will bent to works of God, harmonious

With His as well, doth rule the whole, he can

Together with His power wield: monotonous

The day mortal in weakness with only eyes

- To view the wonders of man's great dominion.
- Without God's grace, what is he? he doth die
- Enriched by heavenly blessing—a donation
- Would make him god, with power to change his destination.

# O LET ME WHEN I DIE, IN RAPTURE DIE

O LET me when I die, in rapture die,

With heart on fire, illumed by earth and sky;

Like bird my soul while singing homeward fly,

And all the angels pass me smiling by, Gaze, approve, and accept me in their choir,

To sing my lays, touched by their immortal fire.

# TO H---

I MAGE of nature; thou god of the sky,

On thy cheek roses bloom, peace in thy eye;

Alternate the moon rise, and then the fair sun

On thy countenance: thou art of beauty the son.

# O WHEN TO EARTH THIS BODY MUST RETURN

O WHEN to earth this body must return,

Give it no thought, no monument, no tomb,

Nor sprinkle it with lilies; 't is a worm Of earth, this delicate mold of clay, where room

Is given it with other worms to creep The cemetery through, and enjoy the verdure there.

- O under some grand, noble oak to sleep
  - Is better than a marble slab, howe'er fair;
- 'T is something that doth live, enjoys the air,
  - And shades the place for birds to gather there;
- Or if a little myrtle wreathes my bed, To touch this forlorn spot no one would dare.

### EPISTLE TO MRS. MORRIS

A LETTER to thee I now write,
It bears a message of my love;
I am not feeling well to-night,
Yet I exist, thanks to God above.
The spirit moves me at this hour
To tell thee what thou art to me;
'T will suit thee,—a full-bloomed flower,

While I am but a bud to thee.

Thou who the power of Heaven long felt

From me no word of praise accept;

Forgive all thoughts I may have dealt Now thou hast gone, the best thou kept.

Many long and weary summer days
Shall pass before thou returnst; I
In virtue's ways may sing some lays;
A friend's long absence makes Apollo
sigh.

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### ADIEU TO EARTH

WELL, earth, thou hast thy share of me, I know,

But canst thou claim this burdened brow!

Yes, soon my form will lie in thee, my woe

To even give you that right now.

I came here for an object, not to breathe

Longer than that purpose gained;

When I my mission have fulfilled, I leave,

My spirit now is on the wane.

Those who learned home, and feel as strangers here,

No longer look for years of health;

Nor do they hold the gift so temporal dear

But as it gives them heavenly wealth.

Too soon, too soon, I'll greet thee, parent earth;

The flower as soon as bloom doth die,

And thus the soul: perfection shows its worth,

To higher region then it fly.

#### FALSE HEARTS

WITHIN the grass, with flowers round,

Lies hidden the sting of reptile; Before you see, he has you down, Unfeeling man is just as subtle.

Where admiration has been shown,

And among the noblest manners

found,

You find there is a malicious tone, Upon the scoffer 't is well to frown.

If there be hearts with serpent's sting Within circumference of my love,
O never let me hear the ring

Of groveling creatures sportive rove.

## MIDNIGHT

IS midnight, and the suburb hill Sleeps peaceful; moon and stars bright peep;

I see them now from out my sill;
From earth to heaven a watch I keep,

With books to fill, way in the night; Nor wink the stars, but wink my eyes,

If dark the heaven to my sight,

For in those orbs grave Wisdom lies;

My tutor's the weird and sleepless

night,

When God reveals to every heart His beauty, majesty, power, delight.

O the rapture, by thyself apart!

#### TO H\_\_\_\_

To you I offer all—my heart,
Though gift to you, you may not
prize;
'T is all I have with which to part,
Unlike this rose—it never dies.

Most things are precious to the sight;

Possession seems to wound the charm;

Rare gifts are welcome if the right
Mien offers them, the heart to warm.

A gift is loved when 'tis blessed,
We should not force, nor offer twice;
Soft it must lay within the breast,
A look for thee will then suffice.

Let silent thought win what it may,

For what is worth the thought is

worth

The pain; then offer up thy love, Though in heaven only it have birth.

### **FORTUNE**

ONLY one day is passed—it seems an age;

The experience is one of a year;

My eager soul, freed from its narrow cage,

Has roamed the gay world without fear.

The pleasure it felt made up for the tears

Which for years have silently flowed; The smiles of Fortune, though cloy,

have no fears,

Yet give me the bliss felt alone.

## A LOVER'S SONG

(AIR HEARD FROM MY WINDOW)

Roses now bloom in the garden, my love,

Bees are sipping the sweet;

What is it thyself hardened, my love,

Why doth thy heart not eat?

### TO A FRIEND

Come, though weather be not mild,

And stars are hid from sight;
And sun in splendor wild
Has taken his last hour's flight
Of this day's brief life; come,
And bring thyself, for the eve
Is lonely, that work is done,
Without my love not leave.

Come, renew the ardor of my soul,
It needs thy freshening thought;
To it new mind unfold
From some sad book thou caught.

Bring me that generous love Which sparkles in thy eye, And all thou receivest above, Such blessing as not die.

Together we in love

Hold conference with our God,

And ask the stars above

To accept our humble laud.

Together feel the prayer,

Such prayer as grows within,

And dwells with nature fair,

Such souls God's favor win.

### TO \_\_\_\_

DEAD is the past, my own sad past,

My breath thou hast willing become;

O let this friendship forever last,

Let not thy spirit from me run.

Together at the world just peep,

Nor taint our souls with its foul

breath;

Together o'er our misery weep, United even after death.

Your verses told me of your woe;
Your soul is troubled, that I know,
To find a place for me just so,
Within your heart you wish me low.

Do not, my friend, rebel, for I
Shall nestle there in time, and be
Some company to you, or I die:
I need you more, far more, you see.

In tears I came, you met them well,

But I to you then could not speak;

All that I felt I could not tell,

Yet softly did your spirit seek.

Happier am I than I was then,
That pent-up feeling soon would
burst;

And I without deep wisdom's ken Would cloy upon your ideal thirst.

Many times our souls will troubled be, The spiritual food partake while may;

Not oft are we so entirely free,

Not to observe would cause delay.

D<sup>OUBT</sup> not, kind friend, my love sincere,

I would not steal thine heart;
If another to it is very dear,
O—must I feel the dart?

No other one can take thy place Within this soul of mine; However sweet to thee her face, So ever to me thine.

In verse I would express to thee
What look may fail to tell;
My heart is thine, you have the key
To where my treasures dwell.

If from me you should go, my soul, Eternal life I'd lose;

E'en Heaven to accept my scroll, Perchance, might then refuse.

Doubt not, dear friend, doubt not my love,

'T is thine, forever thine;
For all thy tenderness, look above,
For blessing, not for mine.

#### TO \_\_\_\_

COME, the moon and I both wait thee now,
The day has been so long;
And I have had a thoughtful brow,
Which wakens now my song.

I tremble for thou wilt not come,The hour is drawing near;I look away, I dread. Though from A distance, come, my dear!

The stars shine bright above my sight,
The noise is quelled below;
All hushed, 't is beauty's lovely night,
The heavens are all aglow.

I dare not move for fear I lose
Thy spirit's favorite look;
O if thou come, a sigh refuse,
Thee none, my soul thou took.

When last we met, come bring it back
This night, with thine together;
I could not bear a soul to lack,
I may have stormy weather.

The hour has past, alas! alas!

Had I not been so sad,

Thou would'st have come by mental dash

Along our line, and glad.

## SORROW FOR A FRIEND'S ABSENCE

A FRIEND has left me, sweet and near,

And I did truly love her; She has been mine for many a year, Ne'er shall I forget her.

The home in which we whispered all
The saddest things we feared,
Has now forever had its fall
In history of ours endeared.

Nothing remains to show the hours Together spent in heaven; There is not even one lone flower To cheer my heart now riven. She from my memory is erased,
But her spirit's gently near;
Her heart's within my own incased,
And yet I shed a tear.

For years are well upon her head,
Which make her all the dearer;
But when she'll numbered with the
dead,
Then we to God be nearer.

## WITH FRIENDS

How beautiful conversation is, that glows

With brilliant minds, soft, easy, sympathetic, kind,

Where superiority is suppressed, and love prevails;

What ballroom scene compares with gathered friends?

Who of each other think, inviting good

And noble sentiments of the heart to rise,

- And each as eloquent, speaks his mind, and mild
- As azure sky, charms, warms, soothes so tenderly
- That all the pain each every hour endures
- Is lost in one kind, social chat with friends.

## **DECORATION-DAY**

A PARADE is passing my bowers' eye,

I hear the music, I care not for the sight;

'T is better without its strains to feel and sigh

For patriotism, for love and duty's right

Than show to vulgar cheers, encourage fever

Which now too often blazes,—O if Thought prevailed

A paradise we'd have, and all be clever,

Instead of deaths and heart-breaks, thus bewailed

Our soldiers happier in repose, sanction my tale.

## O FOR A SPOT

O FOR a spot unfrequented by all
Who of my heart are not;
Where misfortune never will befall
My friends with world forgot!

A quiet nook where dwells the owner's soul,

Inviting Love's sweet rest;

Where secretly the powers of mind unfold,

And wisdom is in quest.

But O, to live without one cherished place,

Such seems to be my lot;

Where not one heart cheers me with smiling face,

And bids my cares forgot!

## O MOON, GOOD-NIGHT

- O MOON, beautiful, sailing, silvery moon!
- Whom lovers love to chide, and long for fate
- To meet their wishes while thou shin'st late
- In full-orbed light—to-night thou leav'st too soon;
- But fare-thee-well, my spirit's kindly tune
- Bids thee adieu; to-morrow night the date
- May not be ours. Of thee none ever sate;

The sun in fiery flight many doth doom, But thou, benignant friend, thy nature charms,

And thou no spirit ever, ever harms.

Through mountainous regions of resplendent light

Roll'st thou with easy liberty and slow to sight;

Thou travel'st through those spacious realms so bright

That I upon thee look, and say goodnight!

#### TO \_\_\_\_

SWEET, delicious soul! thy presence soft

(Like fragrance of a full-blown rose), And birds enchantingly fluttering aloft Awaked me from a horrible doze.

Could I have felt thy gentle tread,
And known thee as my shadow, love,
Methinks a happy heart I'd sped,
But O, my soul it did not move.

All night, a trembling leaf, I lay,
Tossed by every unruly blast;
But morn has brought a peaceful day,
O that it might forever last!

# TO C. W. T.

- FELLOW in poesy, our ships now set sail
  - O'er the ocean of art, with its cares and its darts;
  - But we, with true, loyal, unconquerable hearts
- Will brave the rough gales, though our barks may be frail.
- What were we lost—who for us would bewail,
  - Unless 't is our pilot, who gives us our start,
  - And keeps us together, though still far apart,

- But reviewers then left to report the sad tale.
  - In song thou excell'st me, in music and rhyme,
  - Yet I dare to exhibit my soul, 't is no crime;
- The poetic nature, if robbed of its meed
- May be crushed like the flower, and put forth no seed.
  - Fair weather should favor, for God's in the air,
  - No worse than others do we hope to fare.

## WRITTEN IN "LADY OF THE LAKE"

(BOUGHT AT HAMILTON, OHIO, 1899)

SWEET memory sweet, record this day

As one—the happiest of my life, In which in realm unknown, my lay Was freed from every care and strife.

Upon the heavens I looked unbound,
And felt the glory of Freedom's
dower;

I viewed the active scene around,
And lived exalted—those few hours.

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My friend's kind presence fed my soul With beauty none but his could give; And O, the bliss remains untold, In memory only can it live.

This little book the tale doth tell, Read when my heart was happy light,

In dreamy mood, I know so well,

My cherished thoughts did take their
flight.

Forever let this city be
The fairest spot to memory dear;
Though little of it I did see,
Yet in it I have left a tear.

## LIFE

L ISTEN to the din of city life,
How it upon the tender ear doth
grate,

And rob it of the eternal with its strife.

And O, what is sad mortals' earthly fate:

To drudge, to sleep, to eat, and last to die

Is this all that we are—a problem strange?

A breath which wrenches many a heartfelt sigh,

And loses, with slightest change, Imagination's range.

- In trembling fear we view the empty scene
  - Or uncertain strong, soar regions in the air;
- We gaze upon the solar melting beam, And when it fades, in buried sleep we banish care.
- In anxious hour, we wait with hopeful fear,
  - And strive the future to foresee and change,
- When God to us no longer keeps one dear,
  - Our hearts bewail, droop, sigh, and perish then,
- Glad from this struggling fever to be freed.
  - E'en joy her visits make in sorrow gowned,
- The fate of nations like us are, we read: Its health, its wealth, its constitution too unsound.

